

The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1914

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

"YARMOUTH COMING TO ANCHOR": HOW THE EMDEN DECEIVED A RUSSIAN CRUISER BEFORE SINKING HER.



A survivor from the Russian cruiser Zhemtchug, which was sunk by the Emden at Penang, tells a graphic story. Having rigged up a dummy funnel, the enemy ship entered the harbour, and when challenged by the Zhemtchug replied: "Yarmouth

coming to anchor." Then steaming to within 300 yards of the Zhemtchug she launched torpedoes and opened a deadly fire. The pictures show wounded men being taken to hospital and the mast of the sunken cruiser above the water.

DINNER IN A TRENCH.



Two German soldiers making their midday meal. They are sitting in a deep trench.

100-YEAR-OLD MORTAR CAPTURED FROM THE GERMANS.



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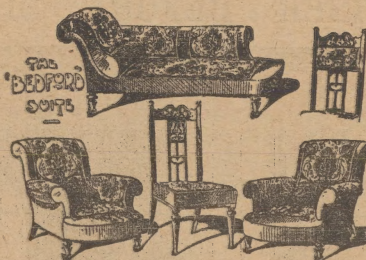
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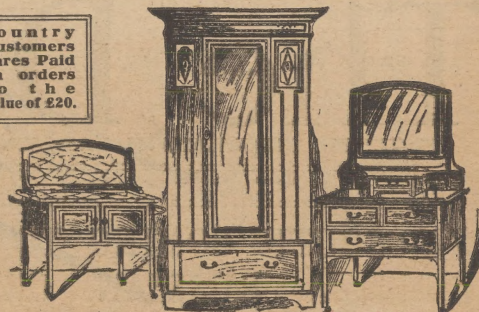


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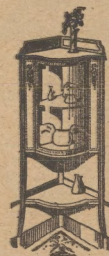
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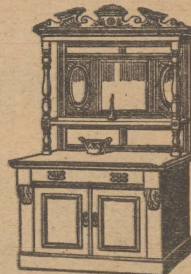


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SENT FOR 1/- (See Coupon below.)

Mr. Ambrose Wilson's Marvellous Invention, "The Corset that Cures," is now within the reach of every woman who fills in and sends to-day the Coupon below.

For 1s. only you can have and wear at once one of my 5s. 11d. "Magnetor Corsets." And it will fit you like a glove.

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel a ceaseless stream of Magneto Power permeating your whole body from head to heel. The joy of New Life, of New Health and New Vigour thrills through every nerve. You feel a different woman. Your outlook upon life is different—brighter, happier, and more hopeful.

My Magnetor Corsets are Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands, to test yourself, for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my corsets can do for you?

The price of my corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5s. 11d., but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s. and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magnetor Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of a new life.

"ON APPROVAL" COUPON. POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON (Corset Dept. 111),
Vulcan House, 55, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your corset measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magnetor Corset" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 5s. 11d. either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

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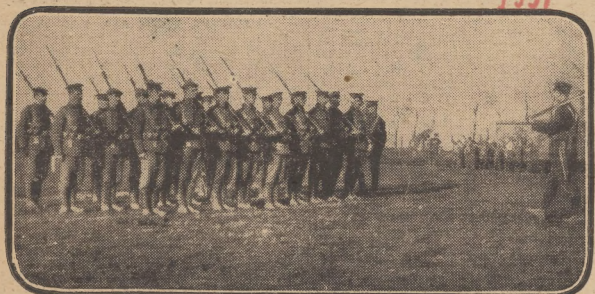
WEARY WITH MUCH FIGHTING.

9-11910 V



Wounded and weary, a British soldier falls asleep while waiting for a Red Cross train in France.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

9331



Parades are held even in war time, and the picture shows Guardsmen being drilled in France. All have been in the trenches, and are seen quite near the firing line.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

AN OFT REPEATED GERMAN LIE.

9-11909 F



German cartoon showing women making dum-dum bullets. It is entitled: "Pleasant afternoons for British families." Week by week the Berlin Press repeats the lie that the Allies are using these bullets.

EAST PRUSSIA IN THE GRIP OF WINTER: HEAVY SNOWFALLS.

9-423 R



German soldiers marching through a ruined village in East Prussia, where the snow now lies thick upon the ground. East Prussia is the Kaiser's favourite province, and the fact that it has been invaded is a great blow to the War Lord. The Russians recently captured one of his seats where he used to entertain his friends for the shooting.

A COMPLIMENT.



Paris women are wearing an imitation Scotch bonnet, a compliment to the Highlanders.

KAISER HAS CALAIS ON THE BRAIN.

Berlin Pins Its Faith on One More Violent Battle for the Seaport.

ALLIES' "SUPERIORITY."

Mary Queen of Scots said Calais would be found written on her heart; the Kaiser has Calais on the brain. That seaport is still the German obsession.

There is a general belief in the German capital, according to news received yesterday, that the Kaiser's generals are to make one more violent attempt to break through the steel-banded road across the way to the Straits. Reinforcements, it is also stated, are being hurried to Ostend.

Last night's French official report states that the Allies have completed the capture of Vermelles.

BIG GUNS' SUCCESS.

PARIS, Dec. 7.—The official communiqué issued here to-night says:—

In Belgium the Germans bombarded Dunkirk, west of Nieuport.

Between Bethune and Lens we completed the capture of the village of Vermelles, the position of the front the east of which we are lining the railway line.

Our troops have made appreciable progress in the region Rouvroy-Parvillers-Le Quesnoy-en-Santerre.

There is nothing further to report.—Reuter.

ALLIES' "MARKED ADVANCE."

PARIS, Dec. 7.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In the region of the Yser we continue to attack the few trenches that the enemy has retained on the left bank of the canal.

In the region of Armentières and Arras, as also in that of the Oise and the Aisne and in the Argonne, there is nothing to report, unless it be, generally speaking, the superiority of our offensive.

In Champagne our heavy artillery in several instances has gained a very marked advantage on the enemy's artillery.

There is nothing new on the eastern frontier, where the positions of the preceding days have been maintained.—Reuter.

ALLIES STILL THE GOAL?

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 7.—A private message from Berlin declares that it is still the general opinion there that the Germans are preparing for a violent attempt to break through the Allies' west wing.

Considerable reinforcements are being sent to Ostend.—Central News.

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT?

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—Between Sluis and the coast to day heavy firing was heard, appearing to indicate that a naval bombardment of the Belgian coast was in progress.

The Handelsblad from Sluis that violent German assaults east of Ypres at Beelaere, at Passchendaele, and along the railway from Ypres to Roulers on trenches recently won by the Allies, were repelled.

The Allies there made marked progress in the vicinity of Langemarck, Zonnebeke and Bixchoote.

In the Yser region the Germans have been obliged to substitute lighter guns for those previously used, which were rendered useless by the inundations. Yesterday 4,000 Germans were sent hurriedly to Moerkerke, near the Dutch frontier.—Reuter.

WHY GERMANSAILED.

NOTRE-DAME-FRANCE, Dec. 7.—The weather continues wet, but the troops are well dug in. In many of the trenches there are coal and coke fires.

It may perhaps be mentioned now that the German theory was that the massing of troops would bring our reserves up to the trenches and so offer a good target for the German artillery.

Since the publication of Sir John French's dispatch the German generals have probably discovered the reason for the failure of their latest theory.

It lies in the fact that there were no reserves in those days—nothing but a thin khaki line between the Kaiser and Calais.

To-day things are different, and we are completely acquainted with the German idea in making all these feints.

All that happens, therefore, is that the German troops get a pretty severe shelling, as at Armentières on Saturday, when they massed for attack, but did not push it home.

TEN KILLED BY AIR BOMB.

A German aeroplane dropped a bomb on Hazebrouck yesterday, killing ten civilians and injuring five others, the latter including women and children.—Central News.

WHERE THE WAR HITS GERMANY.

The Berlin correspondent of the Handelsblad, in a letter to his paper, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, states that the war has disturbed the economical life of Germany more seriously and more intensely than any economical crisis.

The number of unemployed at the end of August amounted to 22.4 per cent.; in time of peace the highest percentage was 4.8.

The greatest losses have been suffered by the machinery, iron, coal, textile, sugar, paper and chemical industries.

DINING WHILE GUNS ROAR

Three-Course Dinner with Red Wine Served Near Fighting Line.

"ORDER WHAT YOU LIKE."

(From Our Special Correspondent.)
BRUXELLES, Dec. 6.—"Order what you like," said the jovial major; "the waiter will do his best to provide what you desire."

I had arrived at a partially-wrecked farmhouse near the fighting line between the Dixmude and Ypres just at one o'clock, and found a number of bearded Belgian artillery officers just sitting down to dinner at an improvised table in the straw-littered barnyard.

They paid no attention whatever to the constant roar of their guns, which, in an adjacent field, were belching forth messengers of death and destruction on the German trenches a little over two miles away.

I accepted the invitation cheerfully. But "order what you like" seemed rather an extraordinary invitation.

However, in order to carry out the illusion of dinner in one of our Brussels or Antwerp cafes, I said: "Oh, a little fish, a joint, and perhaps a little chicken, washed down by a glass of red wine."

The major looked at his officers, laughed, and then gave the order to his orderly: "Serve the dinner."

To my astonishment, a dish of fish appeared on the table—timed herrings, grey in colour, but palatable.

This was followed by a big joint of veal—it appeared a wandering calf had met a quick death that morning—and finally a couple of chickens, nicely roasted, were brought in. I was much amused. Here, in the middle of the battle's din, I was able to have as good a dinner as in times of peace.

The orderly appeared once again, bearing a couple of bottles of red wine. They had been carefully kept in stock for a special occasion, and were now opened in my honour and to carry out the major's boast that I could order anything I liked. ROWLAND PARK.

V.C. FOR INDIAN HEROES.

Brave Sepoy Who Stayed Working Gun Till All His Comrades Had Fallen.

How two Indian heroes—the first Indians to gain distinction—earned the Victoria Cross is told in a supplement to the London Gazette issued yesterday.

To Naik Darwan Singh Negi (1st Battalion, 36th Garhwal Rifles) the Cross is awarded "for great gallantry on the night of November 23-24, near Festubert, France, when the regiment was engaged in retaking and clearing the enemy out of our trenches."

"Although wounded in two places in the head, and also in the arm, he was one of the first to push round each successive traverse, in the face of severe fire from bombs and rifles at the closest range."

Sepoy Khundad (129th Duke of Connaught's Own Baluchis) earned the V.C. by an act of heroism, which is described as follows:—"On October 31 at Hollebeke, Belgium, the British officer in charge of the detachment had been wounded and the other gun put out of action by a shell, the sepoy, though himself wounded, remained working his gun until all the other five men of the gun detachment had been killed."

\$20,000,000 LESS EXPORTS.

How the war has affected commerce is strikingly shown in the Board of Trade returns for November, which were published yesterday. The following figures show how the past month compares with November, 1913:

	Imports.	Exports.
November, 1913	£68,467,075	£44,756,188
November, 1914	£5,987,058	24,601,609

Decrease £12,480,017 £20,154,579
Imported dutiable food and drink show an increase of £4,750,000, as compared with the previous November, and imported meat, grain and flour are each up £1,250,000. There is, however, a fall of nearly nine millions in respect of imported cotton.

As regards British exports, the chief items of decrease are nearly five millions in respect of cotton manufactures, over two millions on coal, and a fall of nearly two millions in respect of manufactured iron and steel.

ECHO ANSWERS "CLICK."

Knitting needles that look like the old-fashioned peppermint-sticks of red and white are now being sold, as the demand for ordinary needles is so heavy that they are present that manufacturers cannot adequately meet it.

One City firm, The Daily Mirror was told yesterday, sent out eleven and a half tons of needles last week, and yet retail shops are grumbling because they cannot get all they require.

Many women are giving all their spare time to knitting, and in a Bond-street shop yesterday The Daily Mirror found the women assistants making collars making collars garments.

Men, too, are following the women's example, and some of them are becoming quite expert with the needles.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

England, S.E.—Changeable; rain at times; fair or fine intervals; mild.

WOULD NOT LOWER FLAG

British Captain's Defiance When His Ship Was Captured by the Karlsruhe.

DARED THE SHARKS.

"If that flag comes down, sir, you will have to pull it down yourself."

It was the British flag, and the words were spoken by Captain Thompson, on the bridge of the Highland Hope, when that ship had been captured by the Karlsruhe.

The Highland Hope was outward bound from Liverpool to the Argentine, and it was supposed, said John Ashbrook, her chief wireless operator, that she was to carry beef to the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Mr. Ashbrook tells the story of the chase and capture in the New York World.

After the first shot had gone across the bows of the Highland Hope Captain Thompson ordered him to call for assistance.

"I opened my key and began to call: 'Highland Hope and our position, pursued by German cruiser.'"

"The moment I started the message the German cut in with a wireless spark, about five times more powerful than mine, and simply shouted down my message."

"Then he opened up, and this is what he said: 'If you lower that key, I'll sink you.'"

The wireless apparatus was looted, and the crew were transferred to the North German Lloyd liner Crefeld.

In all Mr. Ashbrook saw eleven ships captured, and several all of them were sent to the bottom. They included the Cervantes.

"When the Cervantes was sunk one of her seamen, who had been transferred to the Crefeld, slipped off her deck, and began to swim. I saw him jump into the sea and swim towards the sinking ship."

"The German boats were still in the water alongside the Cervantes, and, at some risk to their lives, they hauled in the would-be hero with a boat hook."

"We heard a rattle of machine gunfire from the Karlsruhe, and saw the bullets whiffing the water, and saw a light around the spot where the man was swimming."

"We all thought, of course, that the Germans were going to make a prize of the poor chap, but when the boats came back with him we heard a different story."

"The waters around all the ships were alive with sharks, and it was nothing but the bullets hitting some and scaring the others that saved the swimmer's life."

CAPTIVE'S 200 CAPTIVES.

Rebels Surrender to Their "Prisoner." Who Gives Them Passes to Magistrates.

The comic opera story of the surrender of 200 rebels is told in the report, communicated from Pretoria by Reuter, of General Botha's successful drive near Reitz.

As soon as the fog cleared on the morning of December 5 General Botha gave instructions for the forward movement to begin.

Owing, however, to the heavy rains, which caused delays and made communication practically impossible, Van der Vent's column arrived near Reitz, where the rebel forces were concentrated, considerably ahead of the other columns operating with him.

On December 2 his right wing, which consisted of a half-hundred men only, was attacked by a very overwhelming force of rebels.

Two of his men were killed and two wounded and about fifty-seven captured, including Commandant Kloppers, of Rustenburg.

Most of the men were liberated by the rebels, but Commandant Kloppers and several of his officers were retained as prisoners.

As General Botha's operations developed, however, and it became clear that the rebels were being hemmed in on all sides, Kloppers, with his few officers, was released on the night of December 4.

During the night about 200 rebels came to him, alone as he was, and surrendered. Kloppers took them to their respective magistrates to report themselves.

£100,000 BRITISH SHIP SUNK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—From South America to-day it is reported that the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich has sunk the British steamer Caracas off the port of Coral, Chili.

The crew of the Caracas has been landed at Papudo, forty-five miles north of Valparaiso.

The Prinz Eitel Friedrich is the North German Lloyd ship of 8,791 tons.

The Caracas was of 5,867 tons, built on the Tyne in 1908, registered at London and owned by the New York and Pacific Steamship Company, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

The ship was homeward bound with a valuable cargo, including cargo interests, is stated to have represented a value of £100,000.

TRIPOLI REVOLT SPREADING.

MILAN, Dec. 7.—A dispatch received from Tripoli by the Corriere della Sera states that the situation is daily becoming more unsatisfactory, rendering necessary the gradual withdrawing of the detachments of Italian troops from the interior to render defence easier.

The growth of dissatisfaction among the natives is attributed to German anti-Italian propaganda, ever since the capture of the German Consul, who was formerly an officer of the German staff.—Reuter.

THOUSANDS WITH BUT ONE DESIRE.

New Soldiers' Only Grouse—"Why Don't They Send Us Out?"

HOMES IN WOODEN HUTS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)
COLCHESTER, Dec. 7.—To see Tommy at his best one must go to a garrison town, and Colchester is perhaps the best of them all. There are some splendid troops in this ancient city.

To see them as I saw them on an early morning—infantry, cavalry, engineers, artillery—all at work at physical drill, marching, signalling, practising, and so on, schooling the horses and being schooled themselves in horse mastery; digging trenches, gun laying and range finding, and all working cheerfully—is to realise what a monumental work it is to create an army of a million men from the raw material, and how superbly the difficulties have been overcome.

Committees of residents in Colchester and its environs have organised games and amusements for the thousands of soldiers.

The Albert School of Art has been turned into a soldiers' club.

There is a café chantant every night, a playground with cards, draughts, dominoes and chess, a billiard-room, two or three writing-rooms, a supper-room and a savings bank.

Then there are concerts at the Moot Hall, and at the Assembly Rooms in the famous Red Lion. The first houses at the Hippodrome and the Theatre Royal are packed every night.

I was introduced to a Tommy, son of a well-known London mayor, who has enlisted in the Lord Mayor's Own City Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. A young fellow with £5,000 a year in his own right, he is as keen a private as any of them.

MAKING THEM ALL HAPPY.

His motor-car, I was told, he has lent to the military, and in his leisure time he does his best to make all around him happy. He will take a row of stalls, give a supper-party or anything else to entertain his new friends, and he says he is having the time of his life.

The pictures of camp life which have been appearing in The Daily Mirror are keenly appreciated by the troops, and at times it is difficult to keep them all from trying to crowd into a photograph and so spoiling the real effect of a snapshot.

As for the "grousing" one hears so much about, I can honestly say that in the thousands of miles I have travelled on visits to camps I have not heard half a dozen grumbles—except the usual "Why don't they send us out now to fight?"

At the moment all the troops in Colchester are housed in the barracks or billeted in the town, but there is a new city growing up. Unlike most of the new towns which have sprung up in England, it is a wooden one. P. J. MOSS.

CONSUL TRIAL FOR TREASON.

A special Assize will open at Durham to-day to deal with the charge of high treason against Nicolaus Ahlers, who was German Consul at Sunderland.

Ahlers, who is an elderly man of striking appearance, was arrested a few days after the declaration of war. A German by birth, he became a naturalised British subject in 1905.

It is alleged against him that he abused his position as Consul to give passports to German deserters in the Sunderland district to return to the armies of the Kaiser.

COULDN'T SEE SWITZERLAND.

BRISKE, Dec. 7.—The replies of the British and French Governments to the representations made by the Swiss Federal Council regarding the reported passage by British aeroplanes over Swiss territory have now been received.

The French Ambassador has handed to the Federal Council a declaration by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs expressing sincere regret, if it should prove to be the case, that there was foundation for the complaint, and adding that this was so this was so this could certainly only be attributed to inadvertency.

The British reply stated that the airmen who participated in the attack on the Zeppelin works had formal instructions not to fly over Swiss territory. If, in spite of this, they had done so, it must be attributed to accident and the difficulty of recognising at a great height the position of an aeroplane.—Reuter.

GRAVE-DIGGING MACHINE.

The latest invention, the discovery of which is due to a special demand created by the European war, says a Reuter Chicago message, is that of a mechanism designed to dig graves.

A Chicago firm, however, has developed the device, and has started upon thirteen of the machines, which have been ordered by two of the Allied nations.

The new machine, it is said, can also be made of use in the digging of trenches.

NORWEGIAN WARSHIPS SEIZED.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 6.—According to a dispatch from Norway, the German Government seized two destroyers in course of construction in Germany for Norway.

This is regarded as a considerable loss to the Norwegian Navy, which needed reinforcements.—Central News.

THE KING OF YPRES BATTLES HIS GUNNERS AT WORK

Stirring Pageant of War Seen By His Majesty from a Hill.

"YOUR CERTAIN ROAD TO VICTORY."

Prince of Wales Gives His Coat to Tommy Wandering in Rain.

AIR CORPS' PATROL ABOVE ROYAL ROUTE

"I wish I could have spoken to you all, to express my admiration of the splendid manner in which you have fought, and are still fighting, against a powerful and relentless enemy."

These are the heartfelt words of the King, which he used in a Special Order of the Day issued to his troops at the conclusion of the royal visit to the front.

Full details of the visit have been supplied by "Eye-Witness" in an interesting descriptive account, which was issued last night.

Near Ypres his Majesty saw German shells crashing into the ruined town and watched the effect of British batteries replying to the enemy.

King George V. is the first King of England since George IV. to be present on a field of battle to inspire his troops and in the words of "Eye-Witness," the visit "cannot but leave a deep impression on the whole Army as well as on the entire British nation."

The graphic description of the royal tour concludes with this vivid pen picture:—

"The dull wintry weather, the dreary character of the country, the ruined and desolate farmsteads, the long rows of wrecked houses, the lonely graves by the roadside, the little forests of wooden crosses in the cemeteries where British, French and German soldiers lie side by side in their last sleep—all has formed a fitting background for this historical event, the importance of which is only equalled by its dramatic and human interest."

V.C.s AWARDED BY THE KING TO BOY GUNNERS

How Prince of Wales Gave His Waterproof Coat to a Lost Tommy.

The following are extracts from the account of the King's visit as supplied by "Eye-Witness":—

On Monday, November 30, the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who had gone to the coast to meet him, reached General Headquarters of the British Army in France.

The programme for his stay included a tour round the Army Corps, and also the bestowal of decorations.

These tours were made on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and comprised a call at the headquarters of the different corps, a meeting with the divisional generals and brigadiers and an inspection of all the troops not actually in the trenches.

Not only were there parades of large masses of troops at places where they could be collected, but, all along the route, in villages or clusters of houses, wherever a few men were billeted, at cross roads, alongside convoys of motor-lorries which had drawn to one side of the road, were longer or shorter lines of soldiers, standing in the mud and the rain waiting for the royal cortege to pass.

One remarkable point about the appearance of the troops was the fact that, though in many cases they were in tattered and muddy clothes and wearing worn helmets instead of service caps, yet all had clean faces and only those who were badly wounded were disabled.

On Tuesday, December 1, the King made an early start by motor on his tour to the Indian troops and the Fourth Army Corps.

The King was received by the General Officer Commanding, who presented to him the Indian Princes and the officers of the Corps.

He then inspected the various bodies of British and Indian troops which had been paraded, the rewards and rewards showing the same pleasure at his visit as the British soldiers.

The next move was to the various divisional headquarters. A halt was called at a field ambulance, where the preparation of the native food was watched with interest, his Majesty tasting a chapatti which had just been cooked.

At one place the King made a distribution of decorations, amongst the recipients of the Victoria Cross being two young men, neither of whom was twenty years of age.

JOFFRE GREETES THE KING.

The next visit was to a large clearing hospital, where the King spent some time going through the wards.

After luncheon at the headquarters of the 4th Army Corps a historic meeting took place.

M. Poincaré, the President of the French Republic, accompanied by M. Viviani, President du Conseil, des Ministres, and General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, arrived at 2 p.m. to greet the King on French soil.

After a very cordial meeting the long procession of fifteen motor-cars, led by the Prince of Wales, started on its way again round the divisions of the 4th Corps, the King and the President being together in an open car between the troops which in this area used the roads.

The reception accorded the King was most enthusiastic. Indeed, the sound of the cheering, if it reached the enemy, whose lines were not far distant from this portion of the royal route, must have aroused considerable curiosity. At one point several men wearing what is known as a "rench mit" were paraded for his Majesty's inspection.

This dress excited some curiosity. It consists of a short greatcoat of goat-skin, with the hair outside, woolly Balaclava caps and sandbags filled with straw for the legs and feet.

After one more parade of troops the procession returned in pouring rain to General Headquarters.

PRINCE GIVES UP HIS COAT.

On the homeward journey the car containing the Prince of Wales met with a slight accident, but it was able to proceed.

On the way it passed a derelict soldier trudging along in the cold and wet without either hat or coat.

The Prince stopped the car, and on discovering that the man had been left behind by a supply train, his Royal Highness, with his usual kind-heartedness, not only insisted on taking the man back to General Headquarters in his car, but gave him his waterproof coat to wear.

70 MILES' TOUR OF LINES

On Wednesday the King's tour included a visit to portions of one cavalry corps and then to the Third Army Corps, necessitating a circular journey of some seventy miles.

The Prince of Wales took part in the tour.

After a motor run of over half an hour in the brisk morning air, the procession was met

THE KING'S GLOWING TRIBUTE TO HIS TROOPS.

The following Special Order of the Day was issued to the troops on December 5 by the King before his return to London:—

Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men—

I am very glad to have been able to see my Army in the field. I wish I could have spoken to you all, to express my admiration of the splendid manner in which you have fought, and are still fighting against a powerful and relentless enemy.

By your discipline, pluck and endurance, inspired by the indomitable regimental spirit, you have not only upheld the tradition of the British Army but added fresh lustre to its history.

I cannot share in your trials, dangers and successes; but I can assure you of the proud confidence and gratitude of myself and of your fellow countrymen. We follow you in our daily thoughts on your certain road to victory.

by the cavalry corps commander and the staff.

Here the King left his car, followed by his suite and staff, walked between two long lines of mounted men.

There was no glitter about this parade save that of the swords, and yet it was a splendid sight, striking in its outward business-like appearance and in its inner significance.

Here, collected together in two rows stretching in perspective down the straight road for over a mile, was a larger body of British cavalry than most people have ever seen, and it was only a fraction of the mounted force in the field.

Slowly the King walked along, taking the salute and smilingly acknowledging the cheers of the troopers as he reached the end of each unit.

At the end of this double line of cavalry were the headquarters of the general commanding the corps situated in a charming chateau.

Here the King inspected the cavalry signal units and detachments of the Army Service Corps and Royal Army Medical Corps, and in front of the chateau he distributed decorations, which included several Medallions Militaires awarded by the French President to British soldiers.

After inspecting another large cavalry force and some artillery and engineer units, the King reached the headquarters of the 3rd Army Corps and had luncheon there.

After a local detachment of the Royal Flying Corps was visited, and the procession then proceeded through the area occupied by the divisions of the corps, being everywhere greeted with the same joyful affection by units of all branches of the service.

At the divisional headquarters visited the King in every case presented decorations.

Returning to General Headquarters, his Majesty received General Foch and presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Seven French generals were also received by his Majesty, who conferred upon them the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Order of the Companion of the Bath was presented by his Majesty to Colonel Huguet, the Chief of the French Military Mission attached to the British Army in the field.

SHELLS "NOT FAR OFF."

On Thursday, before the royal party started on the day's round, the King greeted Sir John French at the Order of Merit.

The route for the day included a visit to the 1st and 2nd Corps and some cavalry.

The morning was occupied by the inspection of the 1st Corps, at each divisional headquarters there was a distribution of British and French decorations. Practically the whole route

was lined with infantry, and the troops gave the King a hearty reception as he passed.

His Majesty motored part of the way, stopping for a few seconds to speak to the officer commanding each unit, and on one occasion making a short address to the assembled commanding officers of one of the brigades which had particularly distinguished itself.

After luncheon, his Majesty proceeded to a commanding point, whence a good view of the battlefield could be obtained.

At one village en route fifty men from each battalion of the division and twenty-five from each unit of the divisional troops were drawn up in hollow square, and here the King stopped to distribute decorations.

The occasion was rendered impressive by the dull thunder of the guns and the fact that the smoke of bursting shells could be seen rising from a ridge not far off.

BURSTING SHELLS AT YPRES.

Far away to the right rose the tall chimneys and factory buildings of Lille and Roubaix.

In front stretched a ridge which has been the scene of some of the most desperate fighting, and along it the still smoking ruins of the villages showed up black and desolate.

To the left rose the towers of Ypres, amidst which the Cloth Hall and cathedral were easily distinguishable.

The extent of the damage done by the Germans could be realised by the roofless nave of the great hall and the gaping holes in the tower.

Even while the King was watching several howitzer shells burst in the town and sent up that peculiar black smoke which distinguishes them.

To the east of the old city he saw the woods which witness one of the fiercest struggles ever waged by British soldiers and in which, so many of them and their Allies lie; while farther to the south glistened the waters of the canal, along the banks of which British and French have alternately disputed every inch of ground with the enemy.

While on the hill some of our batteries opened fire and his Majesty was able to observe the effect on the enemy's trenches.

He next proceeded to the headquarters of another division and a further instalment of decorations was bestowed.

The procession then continued on its way home through more crowds of cheering men

and between the ranks of a cavalry division, which was drawn up on each side of the high road for fully one mile of its length.

The long straight road, with a row of trees on each side and the apparently endless vista of cheering horsemen, with their waving swords gleaming in the light of the wintry sunset, combined to make up a picture which those who saw it will not easily forget.

NERVE CENTRE OF ARMY.

On Friday the King made a tour of some of the offices which might be called the brain work, the control and the maintenance of the Army are carried out.

After an inspection of some of the motor-cyclist dispatch riders, his Majesty visited the Army Signal Corps.

This spot is really the nerve centre of the Army in the field, for into it radiate the tentacles along which messages from every part of the field of operations, from the base and from England, by telegraph, air line and cable, by wireless, by telephone and by motor-cyclist, does the information reach this office, the total number of messages from all quarters handled in one day averaging about 3,600.

The whole building pulsed with the tick of machines of various kinds.

In one room the King watched the operators busily pecking long strips of paper with the noisy "puncher," so that the messages could be sent off by the telegraphic high-speed apparatus.

Another room he saw several of these machines, which can send at any speed up to a maximum of 60 words a minute, and some duplex machines by which messages can be sent along the wires in both directions at the same time.

MEETING WITH KING ALBERT.

The King and the Prince of Wales later left by motor for the Headquarters of the Belgian Army. The Prince of Wales acted as pilot, driving an open car.

On the frontier his Majesty was met by the King of the Belgians, who accompanied him to the town where Headquarters were situated.

He was accompanied by a strong force of Belgian troops, who were inspired by his Majesty. They then marched past, King George taking the salute.

Before leaving his Majesty honoured King Albert by investing him with the Order of the Garter.

Saturday, the 5th, was the last spent by the King with his Army. It started with the presentation of the Victoria Cross to one of the first British soldiers to win that coveted distinction and concluded with a visit to the Royal Flying Corps.

Throughout his tour the safety of his Majesty has been assured by the Royal Flying Corps, whose members have carried out a continuous aerial patrol above the royal procession.

'LODZ HAS FALLEN'— BERLIN REPORT.

100,000 German Losses in Fierce Battles to Capture Manchester of Poland.

CRACOW FORTS WRECKED.

"Lodz was this afternoon occupied by our troops. The Russians are in retreat, having suffered severe losses."

This announcement, according to a Reuter telegram dated December 6, was made in Berlin in an official communiqué issued by General Headquarters.

On the Russian side there is neither confirmation nor denial, but complete silence.

But even if the Germans have taken Lodz—the Manchester of Poland—they have paid a very heavy price for what may be only another temporary success, seeing that early in the war Lodz was captured and held for a few days.

Unofficial reports from Petrograd state that the German losses in killed and wounded have reached the enormous total of 100,000.

FIFTH OF ARMY WIPED OUT

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—The following official communiqué from the Great Army Headquarters is published in Berlin to-day:—

We have gained a decisive success in the prolonged battle of Lodz. The Russian Army, which was concentrated north-west and south-west of that town, we now occupy Lodz.

The results of the battle cannot yet be estimated owing to the extensive scale of the fighting. The Russian losses are undoubtedly very great.

The Russian attempts to send assistance from South Poland to the sorely tried armies attacked by the Austrian and German forces to the south-west of Piotrkow have been foiled.—Reuter.

(Lodz is about sixty miles east of the Prussian frontier and eighty miles south-west of Warsaw. It manufactures cotton, woollens and silks.)

HUNS ENORMOUS LOSSES.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 7.—The Germans are attempting to conduct a new offensive in the fighting that has been taking place in the Lodz region by stopping publication of lists of their killed and wounded.

The *Pravda* newspaper states that twelve or fourteen German army corps have been engaged in these sanguinary battles and that the losses of the German Army concentrated between the Vistula and the Warta is the enormous figure of 100,000 killed and wounded.

The total loss of the German forces, it is added, is about one-fifth of the effective strength of the army. There has been an immense number of casualties among officers, and in some companies only fifty or sixty men remain.

The Russian victory near Lodz has produced a crushing moral effect upon the Kaiser's troops.—Central News.

SHELLING OF CRACOW.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 7.—A private dispatch from Berlin states that the northern section of the outer line of forts around Cracow has now been destroyed by the action of heavy artillery.

The Russians have begun a bombardment of the eastern and north-eastern sections and the fire is maintained day and night without interruption. Central News.

HUNS SHELL ASYLUM.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 6.—The Germans in the operations near Lodz have been engaged in their artillery a lunatic asylum a few miles from the town.

When the first shells struck the building scores of the lunatics jumped from the windows of each floor, and several were knocked down, fire broke out and many were burnt alive.

Russian cavalry was sent to the rescue, and the Germans fled before the work of destruction was complete. The survivors were brought into Lodz.

Descriptions now arriving of the results of the bombardment of Lodz show that many of the houses in the main streets have been destroyed. A shell struck the gas reservoir.

The town now has no gas, and the streets are in absolute darkness after dusk.

The inhabitants are suffering great hardships, supplies being short, especially milk. A committee has been formed and has decided to allot one glass of milk a day to households in which there are little children.—Reuter's Special.

NEW RUSSIAN NAVAL BASE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—According to reports from Berlin, information has been received from Finland that the Russians are preparing to establish a naval base on the Aland Islands.

The Gulf of Finland is now frozen over in parts, and Kronstadt, Reval and Helsingfors will soon be cut off from the open sea. The Aland ports, however, are free of ice.—Central News.

N.C.O's and MEN who have won the VICTORIA CROSS

Battery-Sergt.-Major (now Second-Lieutenant) G. T. DORRELL,
"L" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.

Sergeant D. NELSON (now Second-Lieutenant), "L" Battery,
Royal Horse Artillery.

Corporal C. E. GAREORTH, 15th (The King's) Hussars.

Bombardier E. G. HARLOCK (now Sergeant), 113th Battery, Royal
Field Artillery.

Lance-Corporal C. A. JARVIS, 57th Field Company, Royal Engineers.
Lance-Corporal W. FULLER, 2nd Battalion, Welsh Regiment.

Lance-Corporal F. W. HOLMES, 2nd Battalion, The King's Own
Yorkshire Light Infantry.

Private S. F. GODLEY, 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.

Private G. WILSON, 2nd Battalion, Highland Light Infantry.

Driver J. H. C. DRAIN, 37th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

Driver F. LUKE, 37th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

There is room for
your name on this
Roll of Honour.

THESE HEROES would never have won
the V.C. by staying away from the RE-
CRUITING OFFICE. They enlisted for their
Country's sake, and fought as only brave men do.

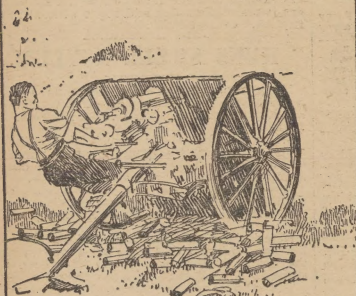
Is *your* name to be known from one end of the world to the other as one
of the Empire's *bravest* sons?

ENLIST TO-DAY.

The more men we have, the sooner the war will end.

At any Post Office you can obtain the address of the nearest
Recruiting Office. Enter **YOUR** name to-day on the Nation's
Roll of Honour, and do **YOUR** part.

GOD SAVE THE KING



NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are—
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1914.

NAMES AND THINGS.

A WELL-KNOWN French writer now at the front, M. André Chevrillon, wrote the other day something about the "infinite gullibility" of the Germans. The mass of them—those masses that move forward, so obediently to meet almost certain death—believe what they are told. They trust in their leaders; or, until quite recently, have trusted in them. Their leaders, unable to give them the substance of victory, have fallen back on the shadow and the form. And here they are obviously much helped by that "infinite gullibility" of which M. Chevrillon speaks.

Take, as an instance, this nonsense of the renaming of Ostend.

It is, as a matter of fact, perfectly in line with other things they have done in chase of the shadow of victory; for at the game of counting chickens before they are hatched there were never such experts as these. To rename a town, to occupy a stretch of country, to issue a German newspaper in that town, and on that piece of land to put up the signs in German—by all this odd symbolism they seek to transform facts: such essential facts, we may note, as the spirit of race, the tenacity of the soil, the love of home in other nations. It will all be changed easily enough, they think, if we begin to speak German there. What about Poland and Alsace? Ah, those are naughty and obstinate peoples, problems involving some show of violence. It seems incredible indeed that anyone in modern Europe can be so misguided as not to want to eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk and boast in German. But so it is. Very well then they must. Blow these rival civilisations up sky high with the cannon. Knock the people about a good deal. Burn everything. Then write up new names over the dead things left lying about.

Do you wonder that a philosophical race, a once dreamy and speculative race, should thus in the mediæval sense become realists—should thus believe that names are things and that by changing one you necessarily change another?—that Jacques renamed Hans or Fritz undergoes corresponding moral transformation?

Alas, you are back, anachronistically, in dim days of Kant and the moral realities; forgetting that all such stuff, together with cathedrals, has been blown to pieces long ago by that Prussia which Carlyle so greatly admired—Carlyle whose worship of brute force—a common phenomenon in dyspeptics—preceded, by years, the "power-doctrines" of later philosophy. The brain of Prussia has ruled Germany and the brain has changed the heart. Moral realities are out of date. Names exist instead. This story of a newly-entitled Ostend is useful as being a sort of summary of the whole Prussian attitude towards life and morals.

W. M.

A SONG.

O fly, my soul! what hangs upon
Thy drooping wings,
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things?

The Sun is now it's east; each shade,
As he doth rise,
Is shorter made
That earth may lessen to our eyes.

Oh, be not careless then and play
Until the star of peace.
Hide all his beams in dark recess.
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way
When all the shadows do increase.

—JAMES SHIRLEY (1652).

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

GERMAN V. ENGLISH.

AFTER being a resident in Berlin for three years, and having good opportunities to observe the "German system" and the German hausfrau, I must confess I came to the conclusion that the English housekeeper and servant are far ahead of our enemies.

The middle-class people I know never thought of darning stockings, as a sewing woman was always called in for mending. They bought all cakes from a confectioner and never made puddings!

Perhaps a "hausfrau" manages with less money, but Germany is a protected country, and certain commodities are cheaper.

E. E. T.

A DIFFERENCE.

FOOTBALL in war time is all right. Only it ought to be football at the war. The Daily Mirror, by its gifts of footballs for the front.

SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT.

SOON after reading your leader headed thus I met an old friend and asked him how his digestion was—he has long suffered from indigestion.

He said: "Since I went into training I haven't had a digestion—or indigestion."
So you see sometimes recruiting is a cure, though it may not cure rheumatism.

A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

Argyll-road, Kensington.

WHAT THEY LIKE BEST.

INDIVIDUAL soldiers may have individual preferences, but I think there can be no doubt that the best average present for those at the front is tobacco—tobacco or cigarettes.

One has to count in big numbers nowadays and to judge on the average. One must not give up sending cigarettes because one soldier in a

BRITAIN AT WAR.

"Peace and Goodwill" in the Christmas Season This Year.

THE CONTRAST.

NO doubt, as your leader suggests, there is a very great contrast between what Christmas ought to be and what it is in 1914.

But so it has always been in a time of wars, and how many hundreds of Christmases have there been with wars all over the world? An ideal is not to be discredited simply because, as yet it has not realised itself. On the contrary, more and more must the ideal be held up for imitation.

A. C.

Cavendish-square, W.

NO PROGRESS.

I ENTIRELY disagree with Mr. Henry Rose when he says that "human nature is certainly not as it was, and therefore not as it is."

I repeat that nature never changes, and, although we may learn civilised methods and the power of self-control, man is at heart every bit as much a savage as he was in the beginning. Something when he loses control over himself the savagery "peeps out." I doubt if we can ever look forward to a family which would never quarrel, much less an entire nation.

NATCHE.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

MUST we not all admit that it has always been impossible for the doctrine "Love one another" to gain a hearing?

Or perhaps I am wrong in putting the matter so. I suggest rather to say that the doctrine has been heard but not believed.

People hear it, but they then say, like one of your correspondents: "Yes, that's all very well. But while human nature is what it is we can't do it."

And they don't even try.

Another way of proceeding is to say: "We will begin to love one another when we have got all the others to agree with us."

The Germans talked exactly in that strain. They said: "We will love the world when the world is completely in our power."

Then they proceeded to invade and destroy Belgium.

H. Upper Richmond-road, Putney.

HE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

MANY of my friends want to send plum pudding (of their own making) to the front.

Would it not be a better idea to send them to the enemy?

I have always found that nothing more deadens energy and deprives one of hope in life as a good big dose (so to speak) of plum pudding.

Try it on the Germans. I recommend it.

Dorking. DYSPEPSIA.

NO PRESENTS?

SURELY this is a year when all of us are likely to be sending more Christmas presents than ever before!

Nearly all my friends are at the front. Certainly I shall not forget them. But, as well, there are hundreds of the men of their regiments or under their command, and they need not forget these either. For those at the front nothing is too good, as one of your readers reminds us.

So I think this will be the biggest Christmas present year any of us have ever known.

L. E. E.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 7.—Bulbs potted or placed in fibre early in the autumn should now be examined, and, if top-growth has developed, they may be gradually brought into the light. A sunny window or greenhouse is the best place for them. Hyacinths in glasses must also be attended to now.

Chrysanthemum cuttings can be taken this month. Choose the healthy young shoots that appear round the base of the plant. Insert these in pots filled with a mixture of good loam, leaf-soil and sand. Violets in frames must be looked over every few days.

E. F. T.

HOW THE WILLIES MEAN TO WIN THE WAR



—by altering the names of all the places, as they have named Ostend Calais. Call Ghent Paris and a few other places by other such likely names, and the German soldier (they think) will have all the sensations of success. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

has shown us how to play football at a time like this—in the intervals between the fighting. Surbiton. A. M. E.

IT is rather a bad argument for the professional footballers to say they will stop playing when music-halls, theatres, cinemas, etc., also close down.

Do they not realise that while in professional football every man employed must be strong and fit for the Army, the places of amusement employ many women and girls, and also men who are over military age, so the comparison does not hold good in any respect?

DIFFERENCE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The mind that is cheerful in its present state will be adverse to all solicitudes to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.—Horace.

thousand prefers snuff or chocolate or some other thing even more unusual.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

RECRUITING IN CAMPS.

IN the train this morning a fellow-passenger told me that "yesterday he spent the day with his brother in one of the new training

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

camps, and that if he had been asked to join he should have done so."

Possibly there are many more like him.

Ded. 6.

H. R. MUMFORD.

MAKING SOLDIERS QUICKLY: SAVINGS BANK FOR THRIFTY RECRUITS.



Digging trenches, which is part of the military curriculum.



There is a savings bank for the thrifty men.

INDIAN PRINCESS AS BRIDE.



Mr. Richard Croker, the ex-Tammany chief, and his bride. She is an Indian Princess of the Cherokee tribe. The bridegroom is seventy-one years of age.



Building a shelter for a trench.



Waiting for the order to load.

Colchester is now a university for soldiers. Quartered in the ancient city are battalions of Territorials and a large number of men of Lord Kitchener's Army, who will soon have been "graduated." The men are so intelligent and eager to learn that it does not take long to make them efficient.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BRITAIN'S ALLIES IN UGANDA READY FOR THE GERMANS.



Native levies have been raised in Uganda to repel attacks from German East Africa. The inhabitants have no desire to be ground down beneath the mailed fist, and are eager to fight the enemy. The pictures show types of these warriors. The men carry spears and shields.

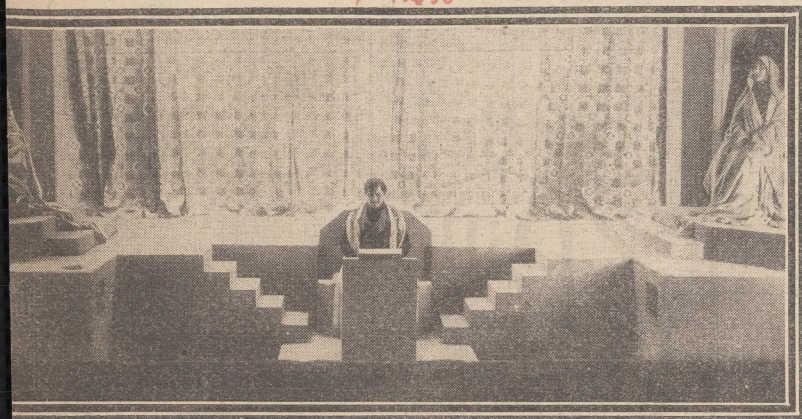
AUDIENCE RECEIVES A LESSON IN HISTORY AT THE KINGSWAY



Wellington and his staff watch Waterloo.



"Kiss me, Hardy!" The death of Nelson in the cockpit of the Victory.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Henry Ainley, with the chorus on either side of him, at the reading desk.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



"You've been beaten by this Wellington."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Mr. Ainley has only been able to stage a fragment of "The Dynasts," Mr. Hardy's epic drama, at the Kingsway. But he has chosen the right fragment for the moment, as it gives Trafalgar, the Peninsula and Waterloo. Mr. Henry Ainley sits

at a reading desk in front of the stage to give the audience Mr. Hardy's elaborate stage directions, which include a succinct history of the periods. In one of the pictures Napoleon is seen addressing Marshal Soult.

RAINING THE DOGS OF WAR.



Major Richardson's dogs being trained before being sent out. A number of the animals are doing good service with our Army on the Continent.

FAMOUS BOXER ENLISTS.



Jim Driscoll, the famous boxer, who has enlisted in the Welsh Regiment. He recently retired from the ring.

MR. LEWIS WALLER INJURED.



Mr. Lewis Waller, who has been injured in a motor-car accident near St. Albans. His daughter, who was sitting beside him, escaped with a few scratches.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON LONDON W

Presents for Our Fighting Men.

Owing to our contracts being placed before the recent rise in the price of raw materials, we are in a position to offer huge quantities of Men's Warm Clothing at lower than prevailing prices.



M21—All Wool Woven Ribbed Soldiers' Belts of undyed wool. Large size, elastic and heavy 7/11 1/2. Each weight.

Best quality. 2/6 each. 2/8 1/2 doz.



Warm Union Flannel SHIRTS. In plain Army Grey or dark Striped pattern. Each 3/4 doz. Better quality. 4/6 each. 3/2 doz.



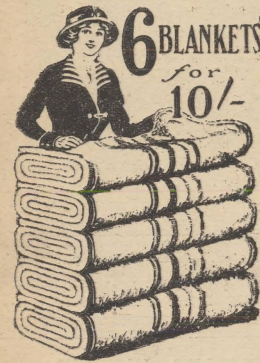
2,000 doz. Men's Warm, Useful Knitted Cardigans, just the garment for men training and in the trenches. See Grey, Brown, Maroon, Navy, &c. 4/9 (55/- doz.) Each 4/9



M25—Stout Heather Mixtures. Ribbed. Woolless Marooning 1/- socks. 10/6 doz.

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940 PAIRS OF WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. These Blankets are delightfully cosy, being made from a special soft cotton yarn. Woven in such a manner as to closely resemble Wool. They wash and wear well.
 Size about
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 50 x 70 in. ... 53
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CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

The viscid phlegm is separated and easily expectorated, breathing becomes freer, rough sub-sides, and the bronchial membranes are restored to healthy condition by the use of

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR.

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THE REV. J. C. TOLLEY, of Thames Ditton, writes: "February 1894. You may remember me writing to you in December last in reference to Chronic Bronchitis. Since then I have taken your Elixir and used the Liniment. The results are quite satisfactory and my breathing is now clear. I am grateful to you and have lost no opportunity of mentioning your preparations to my people."

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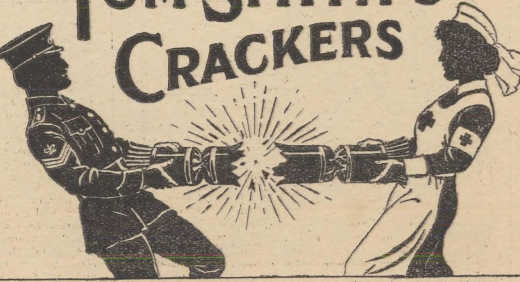
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"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

CHAPTER I.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, is trying to complete an exquisite piece of embroidery at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, where she has been engaged since she left a convent.

Her head is bent over her work, but she is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. She is very angry, and takes no notice of the man's pleading. "Aren't you going to forgive me, Sylvia?" he asks earnestly, though there is an unpleasant smile on his face. As he speaks, he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

There is a movement behind the half-closed door; a girl's faint cry and a man's half-smothered exclamation. Very quietly Mrs. Cunliffe enters. Her eyes are blazing with fury.

Mrs. Cunliffe is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy—jealousy of Sylvia's attractions for Lane and of her youth and looks. She refuses to listen to Sylvia.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says with tight-drawn lips. "And it will be useless for you to refer any future employer to me."

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives, of the disaster that has happened. She reaches the little flat worn out with the strain. She has another bitter disappointment, for Valerie, who should have been in, is not there. The place looks very chill and dreary.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass. "You have made me feel better, you have strengthened me; you always do," she says with a little laugh.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her. In a short while they are to be married.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid. She has a deep-down affection for him which she is forced to keep to herself. He is a man who would never fail anyone.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair, and that she is leaving right away for South Africa! She encloses £5, which is all she has to spare for the time being.

Sylvia is terribly upset and she lays down her head and cries as though her heart would break. But her tears are more for John Hillier—John Hillier who has been working and waiting so faithfully for so long. When she recovers she opens the other letter. It is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

"Beloved, the world has fallen about my ears, and I sit here to write a last letter to you before the darkness swallows me up for ever."

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-a-day life is finished. "But I can't give you up, Valerie," he cries, "I'm a coward, and I'm blind and useless, but I can't give you up."

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. She has opened a letter of Valerie's by mistake. The ghastliness of the situation stuns her. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

THE CALL OF THE HEART.

THE papers fell suddenly from Sylvia Craven's hands. Colour rushed up over her face in painful waves.

What manner of thoughts were these in which she had been indulging? What madness—what sin?

"I must have been mad!" she whispered in an agony of shame. "I must have been mad!"

It was as though a mist had lifted from her mind, and she stood aghast at the thing she had deliberately contemplated—the possibility of passing herself off on John Hillier as the woman to whom he was engaged and pretending to be her own sister. The meanest of all mean frauds—the deception of a blind man.

With an effort she drew herself together and gathered up the pages of Hillier's letter. What a lot there were. . . . Had Jack actually written all this?

With a sudden sickening sense of surprise, the girl looked down at a strip of paper she had picked up from the table. It was a banker's draft for £120, and it was proof, if proof were needed of her abnormal state, that she had not read it. Now that the envelope had contained this, nor, indeed, that Jack's letter was only an enclosure in a longer one that was written in the same hand that had addressed the envelope. Dropping on her knees by the table, Sylvia spread out the letter and read it through.

"British Medical Mission, Magalla, India.

"Dear Madam, I regret to inform you that Mr. John Hillier of this mission has sustained severe injuries in an accident which occurred last week during some blasting operations in connection with the road he is building over the pass here. The full nature of these injuries was not at first apparent, but I grieve to say that it is now certain that Mr. Hillier has suffered the entire loss of his sight."

"The enclosed letter addressed to you was found by me among Mr. Hillier's effects when he was brought into hospital. I take upon myself the responsibility of sending it to you."

"It carries with it its own most poignant message. I, as a clergyman and Mr. Hillier's doctor, venture to add an urgent message of my own. Madam, if you love this man you have promised to marry; if you would save his life; more—if you would save his soul from the grip of despair that is worse than death, answer this appeal. Write. Come out—without delay—and save him."

"I make no apology for enclosing a draft which may help to remove any material obstacle. I am deeply in Mr. Hillier's debt. Only, once again, Madam—if it is humanly possible—come."

Sylvia's breath came quickly as she ended this letter that was signed Laurence Seton. "She is a beautiful swimmer whose feet have for a moment touched ground, only to be lifted and swept out to sea again on the mounting crest of some great wave."

"If it is humanly possible—come. . ."

It was as though a voice cried the words aloud in the chill, empty room.

Much, much more, even than Hillier's own letter this appeal went straight to her heart. He had cried out like a child in the darkness, a cry that in its weakness was never meant to reach human ears; but this man—this doctor—wrote sanely and coolly; this clergyman added his own urgent appeal.

"If it is humanly possible—come. . ."

Sooner or later the appeal must be answered. The money made that imperative. How was she going to answer it? Was she going to tell the truth to Sir George Clair, and that she had completed the ruin of Jack's life? Could she? Was it possible?

But if she did not—what alternative was there? Only one. That course of action which had a few moments since she had dismissed as madness.

She rose to her feet and began to pace the room.

"What would never know." The old argument began again. This man Seton knew nothing of them: she was sufficiently like the earlier photographs of Valerie that Jack possessed to deceive any stranger; and Jack—blind as he was, craved for Valerie—how easy, how bitterly easy it would be to deceive him.

Oh, it might be deceiving him, but it would not be cheating him, she told herself passionately. He would be giving him all—not a girl's romantic admiration, but a woman's love—such love as comes seldom to a woman, and that once only in her life. This was the love she had for Jack; she knew that now.

She thought of the blind man who had already lost all that a man can lose.

And if she were found out?

The stout shoulders heaved with a little ghost of a shiver.

If she were found out. . . . she, too, had nothing to lose. Penniless, friendless, all alone

as she was, what did the future hold for her save those fears before which she had crouched, terrified and shivering, at that dreadful hour of desolation that had followed her reading of Valerie's letter.

She stopped at the mantelpiece and leaned her elbows on the wood, staring at Jack Hillier's photograph, but with very different eyes from those with which she had scrutinised it before.

"Oh, Jack—Jack!" she whispered to it brokenly. "If you knew everything, you would understand. . . . It's not all selfishness—it's not because the bottom has fallen out of my world, too, that I want to come to you. I love you. I want to give you all that I have and am. I want you, Jack—I want you, and she's false to you, remember that—she sold you—for Sir George Clair. . . ."

A little broken laugh floated drearily through the room.

The eyes of the photograph—those eyes that would never look into her own again—seemed to speak a message. Even if she were found out, this man would be very merciful. He would not put her to shame before the world. . . .

She leaned her head on the wall. "It would all be so easy. Just to cash this draft and book her passage. The flat was taken only by the week, and any of the big stores would have the little sticks of furniture that no one possibly would ever claim again. It would all be perfectly easy."

Through the cold room, round which the wind howled in angry gusts, she seemed to hear the passionate cry:

"Valerie, I'm a coward. . . . I need you. I can't do without you! I, and, following it, like an echo: 'If it is humanly possible—come!'"

And every beating pulse, every hurrying artery thrilled out the command—"Go!" While above them, insistent, disapproving, forbidding, spoke the still, small voice of her conscience:—

"If you go—remember always, always, your life will be a living lie. . . ."

"YES, IT IS—VALERIE!"

THE long cane chair cast an intensely black shadow across the floor of the verandah.

It was reckoned the coolest spot in Magalla, this verandah of the bungalow that clung like some abnormal growth to the side of the slope that climbed from the ravine, terrace upon terrace of stony scrub, to the foot of the sheer cliffs, beyond which rose, the great, snow-capped hills.

Coolness is only a relative term, and although it was only early morning the sun was already fierce enough to make the heat almost intolerable, despite the verandah shade and the currents of air from the flapping punkah overhead.

The man in the cane chair was entirely unconscious of the heat. His thoughts were so deep and bitter that the greenness of his pain seemed to numb and still all other pain. He sat, leaning forward a little, his chin thrust out, an unkempt-looking figure with the growth of a few days' beard on his thin face, dressed in a soldier's uniform, with the lines of his face and hands that of a man who had watched something intently; watched something, it would seem, that, across the ravine, would gleam white on the face of the path—the road to the top.

The great road that in the mountains, like a living thing greedy of blood, had taken toll of so many human lives, of brown men and of white. . . . the road that had cost him something, the road that had cost him everything.

His attitude was that of one who watched something intently; watched something, it would seem, that, across the ravine, would gleam white on the face of the path—the road to the top.

And though the eyes that strained so intently under the knitted brows saw nothing, in his imagination John Hillier saw the road very plainly. . . . it—every mile.

In his imagination he was traversing it now—slowly—slowly—this road that he had taken three years to make, and was still unfinished—three years to carry it through the valleys and across the face of the hills. . . . this road that had led his feet into the land of darkness from which he would never emerge any more.

"I'm done for, but the road will go on," Hillier said aloud. "The road will go on to the end."

For India, that demands huge sacrifices of her servants, never demands them in vain. One man falls out and another takes his place, and he is forgotten, but the work goes on—always—always.

And John Hillier, sitting here alone in the heat and the silence, was conscious of that bitterness of the forgotten in every fibre of his being.

It had not taken him long to fall out—not months or years—only a few weeks. That was all. A few weeks, but as the blind count time it was forever.

Even Valerie, if she had not forgotten, did not care to write. He did not doubt that Seton had written the details of his accident to her. Seton had evaded the question when he put it to him, but he had not denied it.

Still, Valerie had not written. There had been no letter at all from England since the one that had arrived by the mail that had come in on the very day that he had received the final blow of total blindness. That letter must have been written some weeks before his accident.

With a working face Hillier fumbled in the pocket of his crumpled jacket and drew out the letter. It was Valerie's. He handed it over with his hand; once, almost furtively, he passed it across his lips. He knew exactly what it looked like. A large, square envelope of a very pale

shade of blue, addressed in the strong, flowing hand that he had delighted in so much.

Valerie's letter, he would never read it now, never know its contents, for no other eyes must read the words written by the woman he loved. They were his and Valerie's alone. . . . Valerie, who would never be his. . . . For Valerie must be given back her freedom. Only a cur of the baser sort would strive to tie a woman to a blind man.

The letter slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor of the verandah. Hillier bent, groping for it, but its position evaded him, and in his groping his head came violently in contact with one of the supporting posts of the verandah. The pain was intense for the moment, but the pain was as nothing—it was the ignominy of it, the helplessness. . . . that he should have lived to become the thing he was, useless and a nuisance, unable even to dress himself, or to move from room to room without injuring himself.

He fell on his hands and knees and went doggedly inch by inch over the floor till he had recovered the letter again. It was all that was left to him of Valerie. To hold it in the darkness was almost. . . . almost like the touch of her hand.

Even Seton had grown tired of him, he told himself. This was the third day since he had gone away on that absurdly business-like "Business, poor old Seton! He can't even raise a decent lie! Well, I don't blame him. It must be deadly dull work up here—with only that shrewish, prying sister of his and a surly blind dog for company. . . ."

But in his heart Hillier did blame the missionary. He had an unreasonable feeling that, if ties of friendship had not been strong enough to keep Laurence Seton in his post, at least the doubts of his profession should have been so.

And, having recovered his letter, he did not sit down again. For a few seconds he stood at the edge of the verandah, his face turned once again towards the ravine as though he looked across at the work he could never more take again. The profile silhouetted against the crude, merciless blue of the sky was strong and fine; the line of his chin, the suggestion of a certain delicacy of the upper face, yet the strong, powerful lines were singularly free from any hint of the brutality which such lines sometimes suggest. It was hard to believe that he could be blind—until he turned, then the strained, haggard face told its own story, though the eyes, so splendidly set under the strong brow, were widely open.

"But it's hard—hard," he muttered to himself. "To have the door of the world banged in your face; to be shut out into the darkness for ever. . . ."

With an abrupt movement, as though ashamed of this confession of his bitterness, he turned and made his way into the dim room beyond the verandah.

Inside the room he paused. The geography of the place was becoming familiar to him, and, once he had touched certain landmarks, he could make his way unaided towards the grass-mat curtain that separated the sitting-room from his sleeping-place. As he paused his ears, unendured and unaccustomed to the silence of blindness, detected a tiny sound that told him he was not alone.

Who's there? he demanded sharply.

No answer: only the stir of air of the room, inaudible to any ears but his own, perhaps, floated out the breath of a sigh.

He made a swift step forward, his hands outstretched. They encountered something so unexpected that he stopped dead as though he had been shot.

"What's that? Who's that? Who's that?"

Not Edith Seton—swiftly he was aware of that.

"It's. . . it's only. . . me."

As the strained, whispered words came to his ears, a great breath that was like a sob tore at Hillier's throat.

It was Valerie's voice. But it's not Valerie, of course—how could it be?

It was to himself that he spoke, but the girl who stood trembling there before him was not aware of the nature of the question. He strained face with eyes that were full of a grief too deep for tears. The curtain had fallen over the doorway. Laurence Seton, who had brought her there from the coast where he had met her, had slipped away and left her. For the first time in all these arduous weeks of preparation and travel, the courage which had never failed her seemed to have left her, too.

"Jack!"

The low-spoken name scarce sounded the silence, but it went straight home to the aching, longing heart of the man. "You're not angry with me for coming, dear? I needed you so—I could not stay away. . . ."

And in these simple words there breathed such a depth not of the pity he dreaded, but of the love for which he was hunger-mad these many weary days, that Hillier felt all those iron resolutions he had forged in his darkness slip away from him, submerged by a great wave of tenderness.

"Angry? . . . His groping hands sought her, found her, drew her very close to him, so close as though not even a shadow could creep between. "If it isn't a dream—is it a dream that will end like all my dreams? Valerie—it is you—really you?"

"Yes, it is—Valerie," she breathed.

There will be another splendid instalment of this great story tomorrow, when Sylvia will be face to face with an awkward situation.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Troubadour with the French Army.

This war is full of shocks and surprises, but I think one of the greatest surprises it has afforded me is to learn, as I did yesterday, that the Troubadour is still alive with the French Army. Theodore Botrel, the famous Breton poet, is going from camp to camp, from base to base, along the French lines, singing songs of inspiration to the troops, much in the same way that Taillefer, the minstrel, sang the "Song of Roland" to the troops of William the Conqueror as they went into battle at Hastings.



M. Theodore Botrel.

Quaintly Carbed.

Somehow, Troubadours, "Jack Johnsons," motor-ambulances and aeroplanes don't seem to mix. But still, I suppose the spirit is the same now in the French lines as it was in the proud old days of armour, bow and chivalry, and so I read that Botrel, attired in his most distinctive costume of wide-brimmed hat with flying ribbons, and wide, voluminous velvet breeches, goes, travelling staff in hand, among the soldiers of France, cheering them up with old ballads of past and never-to-be-forgotten deeds of valour.

Breton and French.

When it is possible a shed or barn, sometimes even a hall, is secured at the back of the lines, and here, on a hastily rigged-up platform, the poet recites or sings, sometimes in French, sometimes in his native Breton, which is a tongue closely akin to Welsh and own cousin of our now dead Cornish. Still, if ever a Welsh "Tommy" should stray into one of those strange concerts, I think he would probably understand more of the Breton songs than of the French.

Earning His Medal.

Botrel, this Taillefer of 1914, is having a hard time. Often he must sleep in an odd corner of a station waiting-room or among the straw of a barn, but he is supremely happy, they tell me. He is adored by the troops, and he is doing good work, probably far better work than he could do with a gun and bayonet. But his is a strange mission to contemplate in this materialistic age of lyddite and cinematograph.

Hun as Prisoner.

How the captured Hun behaves was told me yesterday by an officer friend back on seven days' leave in the very pink of condition. He had words of praise for most of the Germans—especially the privates—and said that if anything they seemed pleased to be captured, and certainly tried to make themselves as useful and cheerful as could be expected. But there was an exception.

Captain's Silly Boast.

The exception was a captain, an enormous man 6ft. 3in. in height and broad in proportion. Nothing could please this man. Speaking faultless English, he spends the greater part of his time sneering at his captors. His favourite boast is that London will be captured by Christmas, and he gravely warns our officers that they had better be careful how he is treated, as he will probably have an important post when England is a German province! Little wonder if some of the officers feel that they would love an old-fashioned, stand-up fight with him to teach him elementary manners.

Battlefield Tours for Pleasure.

Under the heading "Pleasure Tours" I see a battlefield tour of the scene of fighting between the Marne and the Aisne is advertised to start directly after Christmas. It seems to me a little premature. After the war a battlefield tour I do not doubt will be undertaken by most of us, but now to go and gaze at ruined homesteads and new-made graves, while the memories of war and its horrors are only a few weeks old in the minds of the peasantry of the district, is, I think, to say the least, a little morbid and hardly pleasurable.

Side-car Ambulance.

Even the motor-cycle is to be used for the transport of wounded. I saw one yesterday marked with the Red Cross, and in place of a side-car there was attached to it a very comfortable and practical-looking stretcher

Kind-hearted Whackings.

How eager the Germans are to cast the stigma of barbarism on the Russians is shown in an evidently faked letter, which, appearing in the *Kreuzzeitung*, is said to have been written by a Russian prisoner to his wife. It treats even the kiss as a mode of greeting unknown to the Russians. "When a Russian leaves home," the writer is made to say, "he whacks his wife and children out of sheer kindness. But when a German takes leave of his wife he bites her. I, dear Marushka, will try that next time I part from thee."

Musical Teeth.

To the prisoner a piano is made to appear an astounding novelty. "Every German," says the letter, "has a barrel organ, but there's no barrel and no handle. It's painted black, and has a row of white teeth, and when the German gentleman wants music he sits down and hits the teeth."

Wounded Save the Day.

It is an ill wind, etc. I hear from Covent Garden that the flower trade this autumn would be absolutely ruined were it not for the purchases of flowers for the wounded. Floral decorations for table purposes are now regarded, I am told, as being in somewhat doubtful taste, while the cult of the button-hole is almost dead.

Women's Silver Bullets.

Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson reminds me that to-day is the second day of the great shilling appeal for the Work for Women Fund. Every woman in the country is asked to send a shilling to the fund in order to provide work for the women of our soldiers who are left behind. Now, if every woman, every day of this week, would spare a shilling, our brave defenders on land and sea would have the satisfaction of knowing that the future welfare of their wives, sweethearts and little children was assured.



Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson.

The Best Gift.

We are all thinking what Christmas gifts we can send to our soldiers and sailors. This will be the best and greatest Christmas gift of all—the knowledge that their loved ones at home, instead of having to rely on charity, have good, honest, healthy work to do. Let the men know that their women are in no danger of suffering.

Fire a Shot.

You are not confined to one shilling a day. You can send as many shillings as you like. So every time you think of the brave fellows at the front go into the nearest post office and send a postal order for a shilling to Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson, hon. treasurer of the Queen's Work for Women Fund, 33, Portland-place, W. Every shilling is a shot fired at the enemy.

English Kaisers.

I see the surname Kaiser among the list of recruits at Hull. There is no cause for alarm, the recruit is most probably of good old English stock, for the name and some variants of it are not very uncommon in some parts of the country. It is pronounced Kayser as a rule and comes from the old title Caesar. The German Emperor's title comes, too, from the same, like Shah and Tsar, and they merely mean emperor.

He Heard the Call.

A Dulwich reader sends me a letter she has just received from her son, who has been in a good position in Buenos Ayres for five years. He writes a fine manly letter to say he is coming home. He has just become engaged, and he writes: "Of course, it is most unfortunate that I have just bought my furniture, but, as I expect to join the Army as soon as I get home, I do not think I shall need very much. However, I think it is my duty to come home and serve my country."

And Came.

He says many other things—he is suffering financial loss by his action, yet he does not complain—but that is the gist of it. His mother writes: "I feel very proud of my son, and I wondered if you would care to publish any part of his letter. It might aid recruiting." I don't think this needs any further comment; there could not be a much better example to follow for mothers or sons.

Lord Somers Getting Better.

Lord Somers, who was invalidated from the front, is now on the high road to recovery, I am glad to hear, for he was among the first soldiers to rush back to the colours and rejoin his old regiment—1st Life Guards—when war broke out. Lord Somers had retired from the



Lord Somers.

Army three years before he got fruit farming in Canada with his brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Clarendon—then Lord and Lady Hyde.

The Simple Life.

When Lord Somers settled in Canada he and Lord Clarendon managed to knock up some rough yet useful furniture out of packing cases. All declared themselves delighted with farming and living in a frame house, though they must have found it a great contrast to their hitherto comfortable life in London, where Lord and Lady Clarendon had a big mansion in Lancaster-gate.

Gave Away Hyde Park.

Lord Clarendon, by the way, is a descendant of the man who gave Hyde Park to the nation. A less generous ancestor would have made Lord Clarendon the richer, but London—how much the poorer? Lord Somers gives his name to a valuable if unattractive slice of London, Somersetstown, near St. Pancras.

Football for Mr. Atkins.

I received a fine crop of footballs yesterday, and I have high hopes, if my readers will but continue in their generosity, that they will be able to supply a football to every man who has asked. And when they realise that one football will give months of pleasure to twenty or thirty men at the least—I do not doubt that more even enjoy it—they will see that their kindness is far-reaching.

Where They Were Welcomed.

In my post yesterday I must have had a score or more of interesting letters. D Company of the 4th Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, writing in acknowledgment of one of the balls, says: "No longer shall we pine for the means of passing away those very scarce free periods of daylight, and so delighted were we that the ball was immediately inflated to receive its christening kick. I can assure you, sir, that no present could be more appreciated and more used."

The East Yorkshires Like Theirs.

From a platoon of the East Yorkshires I get a card of acknowledgment: "... Your readers will never regret the kindness shown to us, who will endeavour to hold up the good old traditions of grand old England," and the 267th Battery R.F.A. have started a sports club under the presidency of one of the officers to welcome their football.

Two Hundred Men Will Be Pleased.

Among yesterday's applications is one from the front, which concludes: "If you can spare us one (a football) you will earn the gratitude of nearly 200 British Tommies." I am going to earn that to-day.

A New Ruby M. Ayres Story.

Few writers have made such a stirring appeal to the hearts of men and women of to-day as has Miss Ruby M. Ayres. Those who followed her serial stories in the columns of *The Daily Mirror* should not miss the latest product from her pen, a charming short story which appears in the Christmas Number of *Answers*, on sale to-day.

A Little Premature.

There are probably a good many Germans who believe that the Kaiser's troops have been in possession of Paris for weeks past. So sure were the cohorts of General von Kluck that they would take the French capital that the German postal service had prepared a "Paris" stamp for letters to be dispatched from the city on the Seine as soon as the conquest was accomplished.

Know Better.

The victory seemed so certain that the new stamp was already in use at the beginning of September, and when the folks at home, after receiving these letters, read of battles in the fields of Flanders they smiled knowingly in their beards, convinced that for weeks past the sons of the Fatherland had been camping on the Place de la Concorde.

THE RAMBLER.

The
World's
Appetiser



H.P. Sauce

made in England
but enjoyed all
over the world.

The flavour of H.P. is so
delicious and so different
from any other
sauce you have
tried before.

SAVE MONEY DURING THE WAR

Day and Martin, the British Firm established over 140 years, have brought out the "D. and M. Economic Disc" which fits over the top of the polish and prevents waste by allowing just enough Boot polish to be taken out by the brush. The "Economic Disc" can be used with a 1d. tin of D. and M. Daymar Polish or with a 2d. tin of most other polishes. This is because the D. and M. Daymar 1d. tins are practically the same size as the 2d. tins of almost all other makes, and by using the "Disc" the supply will last at least three times as long. Send 1d. stamp for "Economic Disc," or 2 stamps for Disc and Polish, to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters road, Stratford, E.

'BRITANNIA & ALLIES'

This latest and finest Patriotic Brooch—Registered Design—"BRITANNIA & ALLIES"—will make an acceptable and lasting souvenir of the great war. The British, Russian, Japanese, French and Belgian Flags are all beautifully engraved and finished in the true and correct colours, the finest enamel work is employed in correct shade of green, the whole, with the figure of Britannia in gilt (or silver) giving a pretty and pleasing effect. It is exactly as illustrated. This unique Brooch is supplied in two qualities and can only be obtained direct from us. Gold-plated 1/3d. Red Silver 3/6. Either sent post free in neatly designed presentation box. The Brooch is made of all-steel produced in correct colours on the lid. It is worth noting, and we will willingly return, your money in full if you are not delighted with it. It is being offered by us to introduce our New Xmas Illustrated Catalogue, which will be sent with brooch, or separately—gratis and post free—on receipt of a 2/6. CARDINAL. This Catalogue is "The Best of the season," and it tells you of thousands of other "Wig Hangers" in Watches "The Gent's" Right-Time, Nickel-plated Watch and Chain 2/6, Clocks (The "Moonlight" Alarm Clock shows the time in the dark 3/6), Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Fancy Goods, Novelties, Toys, Xmas Cards, and the greatest and finest list published of War Souvenirs, which we are **THE Xmas Presents for 1914**. Don't miss having this Catalogue sent for you to look through at your leisure by the freest. It is entitled "FATHER XMAS'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT," and he does so, for the Catalogue accords with Britain's for both sexes of all ages—**PAID BY POST**. Dept. 115, The Presents House, Hastings, Kent.

No MORE GREY HAIR
You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN), which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid mass easy to apply. No odor or staining. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1/-, 2/- and 3/- per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Address—P.O. VALENTINE & Co., 77, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.



Hall's Wine for sick friends!

To the sick, the invalided or the wounded, you cannot send a more truly helpful gift than Hall's Wine.

Daily from our wounded and invalided soldiers and sailors comes a steady stream of grateful thanks for the good Hall's Wine has done them—in cases of shattered nerves, sleeplessness, weakness from loss of blood or operations, pain from wounds, deep-seated coughs and colds.

Send Hall's Wine and you do the very best to win your sick friend back to health—what greater kindness can you show than that?

Remember, a well-known doctor has declared that "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESISTATIVE

GUARANTEE—If, after buying a bottle of Hall's Wine and taking half of it, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle in 14 days, and we will refund your outlay.

Extra large size 40s; smaller size, 2s. 6d. Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO. LD.
10 W.
LONDON

The "ALLIES" FIVE-FLAG SOUVENIR BROOCH

This charming Souvenir, made of Real Enamel, in the exact colours of the National Flags of Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, and Japan, and packed in a neat box, making an ideal Christmas Gift. Post free to any address in Great Britain for 1/-



Ideal for Xmas.

Frederick Gorrings, Ltd.,
Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.



Search the shops and you'll find no Christmas Gift so dainty yet so economical as Lissue Handkerchiefs. Fascinatingly soft and fine, exquisitely colored, Lissues look worth twice their price of 4d. Their soundness is such that we Guarantee Six Lissues Free for any Lissue that ever loses color. See the Lissue Label on every Lissue.

Obtainable everywhere. If any difficulty, send name of nearest draper with 5d. for specimen Lissue. Address: Lissue (Dept. B), 132, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

ONE DOZEN COLORED LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS IN ARTISTIC BOX, 4/6

For the Men, buy the special Gift Boxes of 4 White Pyramid Handkerchiefs at 3/6 a box.

FATE OF A TRANSPORT COLUMN.



German transport column which was destroyed by the Russians in East Prussia.

SHORTENING THE WAR.

Every Man Enlisting Now Helps to Bring the End Nearer.

RALLY ON THE DOWNS.

"We want men and more men, and every hundred thousand we get become more and more valuable. Men for the firing line are what we want, and the quicker we get them the sooner the end."

That is the story one hears at the recruiting headquarters. Every man that answers the call of the colours can be absorbed at once in the superb fighting machine which Britain is building up for her protection.

The man who says he will wait until after Christmas is not half as good a patriot as the man who says: "I am going to join now."

There are now, roughly, a million and a half men under arms. And another million are wanted.

Men are wanted for special departments of Army work.

An officer pointed to a long queue yesterday, and said:

"Fine fellows, aren't they? But the majority of these are not intended for the firing line. Some of these men are specialists. They are farriers, saddlers, Army pay department recruits, Army veterinary corps men, remount men, motor-transport drivers, and so on."

Jim Driscoll, the finest boxer of the present generation, joined the Welsh Regiment yesterday.

A great recruiting rally is being organised in Sussex. It is proposed to form an entire brigade for Sussex.

THE SUPER-LUNATIC.

Turks Make Man Just Out of Asylum Superintendent of Similar Institution.

CONSTANTINOPLE (via Salonika), Dec. 7.—The abolition of the capitulations and the declaration of war itself are the outcome of a supreme effort on the part of the Young Turks to end all foreign interference and to run the government entirely by themselves.

The originator, executor and moving genius of this programme is the thirty-two-year-old Enver Pasha.

It is even declared that the Sultan has already promised to make him Khedive of Egypt if the campaign there should prove successful.

Immediately after declaration of war mobs, evidently inspired by the Government, destroyed and looted foreign-owned hotels, restaurants and stores.

Next day they seized the large French lunatic asylum, expelling the staff and installing as superintendent a Turk, who himself had only recently been released from a similar institution.

From the Rev. Robert Frew, the rector of the Episcopal Church, they took all the church papers, including copies of the rector's sermons for the past fifteen years.—Exchange

LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

At the Ring last night Nicol Simpson (Newcastle) received the decision over Dixie Kid (America) in a twenty rounds contest, which was far from being a clever exhibition.

For the first twelve rounds Dixie Kid did all the forcing, with Simpson doing little else but covering up. Despite all the ring tricks exploited by the negro, the Newcastle man only fell into a trap once.

That was during the seventh round, when he was sent through the ropes after swinging a vicious right at his opponent's face.

The contest was of a different nature from the twelfth, and from being a long way behind Simpson gradually went ahead. Several times the negro used his head in a suspicious manner when the men were in a clinch and the referee repeatedly told them to stand back.

At the National Sporting Club Henri Demlen (Belgium) and Jim Prendy (Lillingston) fought a ten rounds draw, and Young Swift (Plymouth) retired in the eighth round of a ten rounds bout with Fred Jones (Rushden).

PLAN FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Remarkable Credit Scheme Detailed in Charge Against Sir J. H. Renals.

CLERGY ASKED TO HELP.

A remarkable story of a scheme to advance money to housewives was told at the Guildhall yesterday.

Henry Mather, of Hampstead, and Sir James Herbert Renals, Bart., living at Richmond-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, were charged on remand with an offence under the Moneylenders Act, and also with conspiracy to obtain money from the public by false pretences.

Mr. R. D. Muir stated at the first hearing that a City detective answered a circular headed in the name of Sir J. Herbert Renals, Bart., Credit Fund, 2, Coleman-street. It was addressed, amongst others, to clergymen, and stated that the fund had been formed to supply credit for goods from tradesmen.

It was alleged that £250 was obtained from a Mr. Stutchbury, of Knutsford, who was induced to deposit that sum upon being appointed assistant general manager, at a salary of £500 per annum. Mr. Stutchbury said Mather described the credit system to him, saying:—

"He thought the time was ripe in England to promote the scheme, as he felt certain that if the ordinary housewife were acquainted with it she would adopt it."

By the scheme she would save a shilling in every £1 spent on household things. Tradespeople, he said, would be glad to do away with the bugbear of credit and possible bad debts, accepting cash and giving 10 per cent. discount for it.

Mather further stated that they had made arrangements with clergymen by which ladies of somewhat slender incomes in their parishes might increase them to a small extent by making the benefits of the scheme known among the parishioners.

JOHN BULLS ALL.

The sturdy old countrymen of England—typical John Bulls, all, with low-crowned top-hats and bluff, hearty faces—flocked to the Agricultural Hall yesterday for the annual Smithfield Cattle Show.

Some of the younger farmers came to the show in uniform, having snatched an hour or two off from their camps to watch their prize oxen or sheep being judged.

The King had a very large number of entries this year—no fewer than thirty-four. He took the first prize in the Devon yearling heifer class and was awarded several "seconds" and "thirds."

There were several enormous animals in the show. One of the largest was a South Devon steer, owned by Mr. T. W. Luscombe, of Totnes, Devon. It weighs over a ton.

WHAT TO DO WHEN NERVES GO WRONG A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Men and women who suffer from weak nerves, who tire easily, can't sleep, have brain fog, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength, dulled ambition, lack of will power, or any of those symptoms that so surely arise from poor, untended, undrained nerves or nerve force run low, should try eating a little Sargol with their meals for a few days and note results. This preparation is the greatest ginger-up stimulant and nerve vitaliser ever known for putting the good old "pep," ambition, courage and real vital energy into a tired, run-down and shattered nervous system.

Here is a test worth trying. The next time you feel tired, blue or when your nerves are fairly crying out, eat a Sargol tablet. Then wait for just ten minutes and note results. Sargol seems to go straight to the nerve cells and starts work the minute it reaches them. It brings a ten-minute change from that awful dull, weak, lary, don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clear-headedness and courage. It calms and strengthens the nerves of people who get the "jumps" and flashes of nervous force, power and tremendous reserve energy. Sargol is absolutely harmless, contains no dope or habit-forming drugs, and is always safe, easy, pleasant and efficient.

All first-class chemists sell it for 2s. 9d. a box. If your nerves are wrong just give it a trial; you will find it to be just what you need.—(Adv.)

BUTCHERS' BILLS IN WAR TIME

Save the Butchers' bills—and the greengrocers'—by making the cold meat and cold vegetables into a hot stew with a penny packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup. E.D.S. is just the thing for war time—it prevents waste by enabling you to use the larger odds and ends to good advantage. "Edwards" is the best medium for making stews, and, besides, it's a complete soup in itself—meat, vegetables, seasoning, everything.

Some other suggestions:

Oxheart Soup.—Oxhearts are nourishing and flesh-forming. They contain a large quantity of fat, and are most digestible when cooked. To make a cheap nourishing soup, split a couple of pounds of chestnuts at one end. Put in cold water, and bring to the boil. Remove skins, and cook in boiling water until tender.

Roll through a sieve (with the water) and boil for thirty minutes or more with a packet of Edwards' Desiccated White Soup, a bit of butter or margarine and a seasoning of pepper and salt.

Navy Pie.—This is a favourite dish with our sailor-lads. In an iron saucepan fry some sliced onion in hot fat. When it is brown, add a packet of Edwards' Desiccated Brown Soup, a little flour, pepper and salt. Stir well for a few minutes, then add about half-a-pint of hot water. Boil up, and add some cut-up meat (either raw or cooked). Roll out some suet crust to the size and shape of the saucepan lid. Drop gently on to the top of the meat and gravy. Put lid on earthen. Cook all day for an hour or so. To serve, cut the crust into quarters, and arrange on the top of the meat and gravy, which should be poured out on a very hot dish.

CUT THIS OUT

The above recipes have been specially prepared by Miss B. A. Bennett, L.C.S., author of "Simple Cooking," "Tested Recipes," etc., etc.

EDWARDS' SOUPS ARE BRITISH.

KEEPING AN ENEMY AT BAY.

Many a woman's face is growing old-looking and lined with the excitement of these days. The war attacks women's complexions indirectly. Pomeroy Skin Food, which is home-made to the last atom, is being used everywhere now in place of the foreign preparations which someone called "alien enemies of the complexion." Of course, the eighteen-penny jar has been familiar to thousands of Englishwomen for years, but fresh users are praising it every day. Pomeroy Skin Food is applied at night with the fingertips, and the health which it gives to the complexion shows at once in the improved appearance. It makes the skin supple and well-nourished, and thus wrinkles are kept at bay.—(Adv.)

FREE A TRIAL PACKET OF CIVIC COCOA

& A Beautifully Illustrated Book

On receipt of a postcard we will send free a trial packet of "Civic" Cocoa, together with a booklet, beautifully illustrated, explaining the discovery, growth and manufacture of cocoa.



CIVIC COCOA.

A Real Food Beverage. "Civic" Cocoa provides not only an appetising drink, but possesses an enormous food value, so that it is food & drink in one.

1/6 per lb.

BRITISH GROWN.

The beans are procured from our Colonies, and are selected for their flavour, quality, and suitability for making pure, soluble cocoa.

BRITISH MANUFACTURED

"Civic" Cocoa is manufactured in London with the aid of the most scientific and up-to-date machinery.

We guarantee that this cocoa represents the best value obtainable at the price, whether manufactured in England or any country in the world.

GEORGE PAYNE & CO., LTD. (Dept. C),
Tower Bridge, London.

FREE CURE FOR ALL URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

For All Readers Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Etc

FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN'S SPLENDID WINTER GIFT TO THE PUBLIC.

A world-famous London scientist and physician is offering to the public as a special Winter gift free supplies of the most successful of all prescription-preparations for the cure of their Uric Acid complaints.

All who suffer the ceaseless pain of Rheumatism, the agony of Sciatica or Lumbago, the scorching pangs of Gout, or the maddening irritation of Neuralgia can have this famous cure in their hands immediately, free of charge. Whatever remedies you have hitherto tried, this most successful of all—"Urilac"—may be accepted without hesitation. Simply write as instructed below and your free supply, together with instructive medical treatise and full directions, will be sent by return.

It is quite a liberal supply you will receive. From the very first moment of taking it you feel a wonderful relief. A grateful restlessness steals over your pain-racked nerves as steadily and surely this unique specific combines with the blood and rids your system of its terrible burden of Uric Acid.

How terrible a burden it is the reader may judge from the following symptoms—only a few of the most common:—

Stiff Painful Joints.
Aching Back.
Swollen, Burning Feet and Hands.
Dull, Gnawing Nerve Pains.
Cutting Pains in the Legs.
Throbbing Convulsive Pains in the Temples.
Acute Aching Round the Eyes.
Rheumatoid Arthritis.
Draughts of Cold Air "Cutting" the Skin.
Everlasting and Excessive Shivering.

Whichever of these symptoms you may experience from your Uric Acid trouble, you will find "Urilac" effect a lasting and complete cure without interfering with the digestion in the slightest. "Urilac" has only one object—to carry away from the system the Uric Acid that would otherwise form in the system as crystallised or chalky accumulations.

There is no need even to write a letter for your free trial supply. Simply say: "Please send me a free supply of Urilac," give your name and address, and enclose in an envelope with 2d. stamps for postage, etc. The envelope must be addressed to The Urilac Co., Dept. M.R., 38, Chandos street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

"Urilac" may be obtained at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. from all chemists, or post free from the above address.—(Aret.)




The ALL-BRITISH

Y & N

Diagonal Seam CORSET

Made in all the latest styles to suit every figure. The special principle of construction by diagonal seams bonding has made the Y & N not only the strongest but the most shapely and comfortable Corset produced. Prices from 2/4 to 15/- per pair. Illustrated designs free upon application to—

YOUNG & NEILSON, LIMITED, BRISTOL.



Say you **MUST HAVE**—

'CAMP' COFFEE

The finest flavoured, the longest lasting, the most easily made of any coffee. Tins are bound to disappoint you. 'Camp' never does. It's Patented & Guaranteed. Coffee specialists in Glasgow.

WOMEN FORM VOLUNTEER CORPS.



Lady French is colonel-in-chief of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps, which has been formed in London. The members are learning first-aid, cooking, signalling, dispatch riding, and will be ready to act in any emergency.

NEWS ITEMS.

Belgian Premier in London.

The Belgian Premier and War Minister arrived in London yesterday for a short stay.

Cliffs Brought Down by Sea.

A huge fall of cliff, supposed to be due to the rough seas, has occurred between Beachy Head and Seaford.

German Submarine Damaged.

The German submarine U 16 has arrived at Esbjerg, according to a message received in Copenhagen, with her engine damaged.

Prince Albert at Work.

Prince Albert is a daily visitor at the Admiralty, where, it is understood, he performs some minor duty that occupies several hours each morning.

Mishap to Mr. Lewis Waller.

As the result of his car skidding near St. Albans and overturning, Mr. Lewis Waller, the actor, is now in St. Albans Hospital suffering from a dislocated shoulder.

Turkish Cruiser Mined.

The Turkish cruiser Hamidieh, says Reuter, is stated in a Sebastopol telegram to have fouled a mine, being so damaged that she only retained Constantinople with difficulty.

Wife Also at Fault.

On the ground that she herself had been guilty of misconduct, the decree nisi granted to Mrs. Helena Powell against her husband, an actor, was rescinded yesterday in the Divorce Court.

Eat Stale Bread or Be Imprisoned.

Stale bread must not be exchanged or taken back, under a penalty of fifteen days' imprisonment, in addition to a fine, according to a decree which, says Reuter, has been issued by the Hungarian Government.

Plaintiff's Death in Court.

Seized with heart disease during the hearing of his case, at Cardiff yesterday, against a shipping firm for compensation, a naturalised Russian, named Linde, fell down and died almost at once.

Soldier Servants Remembered.

A bequest of £50 each to his two soldier servants has been left by Lieutenant-Colonel I. G. Hogg, D.S.O., 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, who died from wounds in France, leaving estate worth £7,781.

Married in Court.

After being remanded yesterday at Kirkcaldy, charged with deserting two years ago from the Black Watch, Private Duncan was married in court by Provost Lockhart to Cecilia Crawford.

'CHASING AT LEICESTER.

Unexpected Defeat of Strike the Lyre in Montrose Hurdle—Favourites Fail.

The defeat of Sir R. W. B. Jardine's Strike the Lyre in the Montrose Hurdle was the outstanding feature of the racing at Leicester yesterday. From start to finish he was outpaced by Golden Craig, who eventually beat Saxeby by half a dozen lengths, with the favourite third.

Mountmills, another odds-on favourite, was beaten by Orangeville in the Broxhills Steeplechase; and another popular fancy, in Direction, could only get third to First League and Variety Lad in the Town Hurdle.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

1. 0—Daddy Hurdle—AURETTE.
1.50—Wentley Hurdle—HOP OFF.
2. 0—Leicester Hurdle—BRONZEWING III.
3.25—Belvoir Steeplechase—FATHER CONFESSOR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*AURETTE and WHIP OFF. BOUVIERIE.

LEICESTER RACING RETURNS.

1.0—December Hurdle. 2m.—Glasbrook (7-4, Mr. Anthony); 1. Crystal Gazer (5-2); 2. Royal Collar (10-1); 3. Also ran: General Picton, Cage, Picture Palace, Pyrrhic and King Redmond.

1.50—Town Hurdle. 2m.—First League (4-1, Hohlr); 1. Variety Lad (6-1); 2. Direction (6-4); 3. Also ran: Bridal Song, Diavola, Bob Roy, Loch Maree and Frailie Fire.

2.0—Montrose Hurdle. 1½m.—Golden Craig (100-3, Tally); 1. Saxeby (100-8); 2. Strike the Lyre (2-9); 3. Also ran: Balerno, Smart Catch, Freins, Square Book, Blue Ridge, Sand Grouse, Starboard Watch, Yellow Lace, Long Smocks, Neurotic, King Ronald and Per Mare.

2.50—Bristall Chase. 2m.—Goofrey Hill (4-7, Hop); 1. Safe Drink (10-1); 2. Miss Graden (7-1); 3. Also ran: Rhoads's Park and Byalar.

3.0—Broxhills Steeplechase. 2m.—Orangeville (3-1, Parfement); 1. Mountmills (5-8); 2. Cornongross (9-2); 3. Also ran: Rhine-as-Shark, Red Cockade, Grayling IV, and R.H.B.

3.50—Queen Hunt Steeplechase. 3m.—Queen Emma (11-8, Gregson); 1. Genoa (10-1); 2. Argrey (5-1); 3. Also ran: Patches and Netherthorpe.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Robert Maxwell, the amateur golf champion of 1903 and 1909, has been invalided home from the front suffering from frost-bitten feet.

The F.A. yesterday decided to continue both the English Cup and Amateur Cup competitions, and the draw was made for the sixth qualifying round of the first-named.

In the final round of the London Cup yesterday Millwall beat the Arsenal by 2 goals to 1. Burnley won the final of the Lancashire Cup at Manchester yesterday by beating Rochdale by 4 goals to 1.

The Royal Berkshire Regiment is receiving 2,000 packs, one every fortnight, each containing 20s. of tobacco, 35 cigarettes and a box of matches, from the Berkshire County Bowling Association, whose members and friends have subscribed over £1,000 for that purpose.



WHITELEY'S

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF Afternoon and Evening Gowns

AND Evening Wraps

AT TWO PRICES ONLY:

3 Gns. and 5 Gns.

TO-DAY and TO-MORROW

These fashions, which include some of the latest styles for the present season, will be displayed on living models this afternoon and to-morrow from 3 to 5.30 in our Salons and Galleries.

No garment in this Parade will be priced higher than 5 guineas.

Ladies are cordially invited to visit this special Exhibition of Fashions, and

Notickets of admission are necessary

Wm. Whiteley Ltd.
QUEEN'S RD., LONDON, W.

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver and bladder and kidney irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day, after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended.

It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.—(Advt.)

Best for Baby

After many years' use by parents of all classes, in Royal Nurseries and humble homes, Savory and Moore's Food has the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable Food for infants.

The experience of parents, nurses and medical men, all goes to show that babies do thrive remarkably well on it, that its use prevents infant ailments, and that it builds up a strong constitution, so important in later life.

You may therefore bring up baby on Savory and Moore's Food with the assurance that you are running no risks, but that it is most likely to prove the "best" food for your child, as it has proved for so many others.



SAMPLE FREE

Send 2d. in stamps for postage of Free Trial Tin of the Food to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London. Mention "Daily Mirror."

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream.

DAINTY TRIAL JARS FREE.

THE Proprietors are so convinced that Ven-Yusa provides ladies with the best skin and complexion treatment that they have at great cost arranged for a further free distribution of trial jars.

One of these dainty miniature opal jars of non-greasy Ven-Yusa—very handy for carrying in the hand-bag when out shopping or "calling"—will be sent free to every reader of this paper who cuts out this advt. and sends it with 2d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

Full size jars of all chemists at 1s. each.



The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD



The Two Letters.
By META SIMMINS.
Turn to page 11.

OPERATING IN THE OPEN.



Wounded soldier being treated in the open air by members of the French Army Medical Corps. The picture was taken quite close to the battlefield, and shells were dropping close by.

GUN STARTLES PHOTOGRAPHER AND SPOILS HIS PICTURE.



A man with a camera, who was on the look out for some interesting war photographs, thought that he would take a snapshot of this gun being fired. But he evidently forgot that it would make a great deal of noise, and he was very much startled by the report. He made an involuntary jump, and the camera was jerked, with the result that the picture was not as successful as he had expected.

BRITISH GUN'S INNOCENT-LOOKING DISGUISE: A CLEVER PIECE OF WORK.



This war differs in many respects from the wars that have preceded it. Great ingenuity has been shown in concealing artillery—a very necessary precaution since the advent of the aeroplane—and no one would imagine that a British gun lies beneath this mass of brushwood. Not even Sam Weller's famous binoculars would enable



an enemy air scout to detect its presence. Since the war began we have illustrated many clever disguises for hiding guns from the view of airmen, but this should be awarded the palm. In one picture the muzzle is seen covered with a piece of sackcloth. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

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